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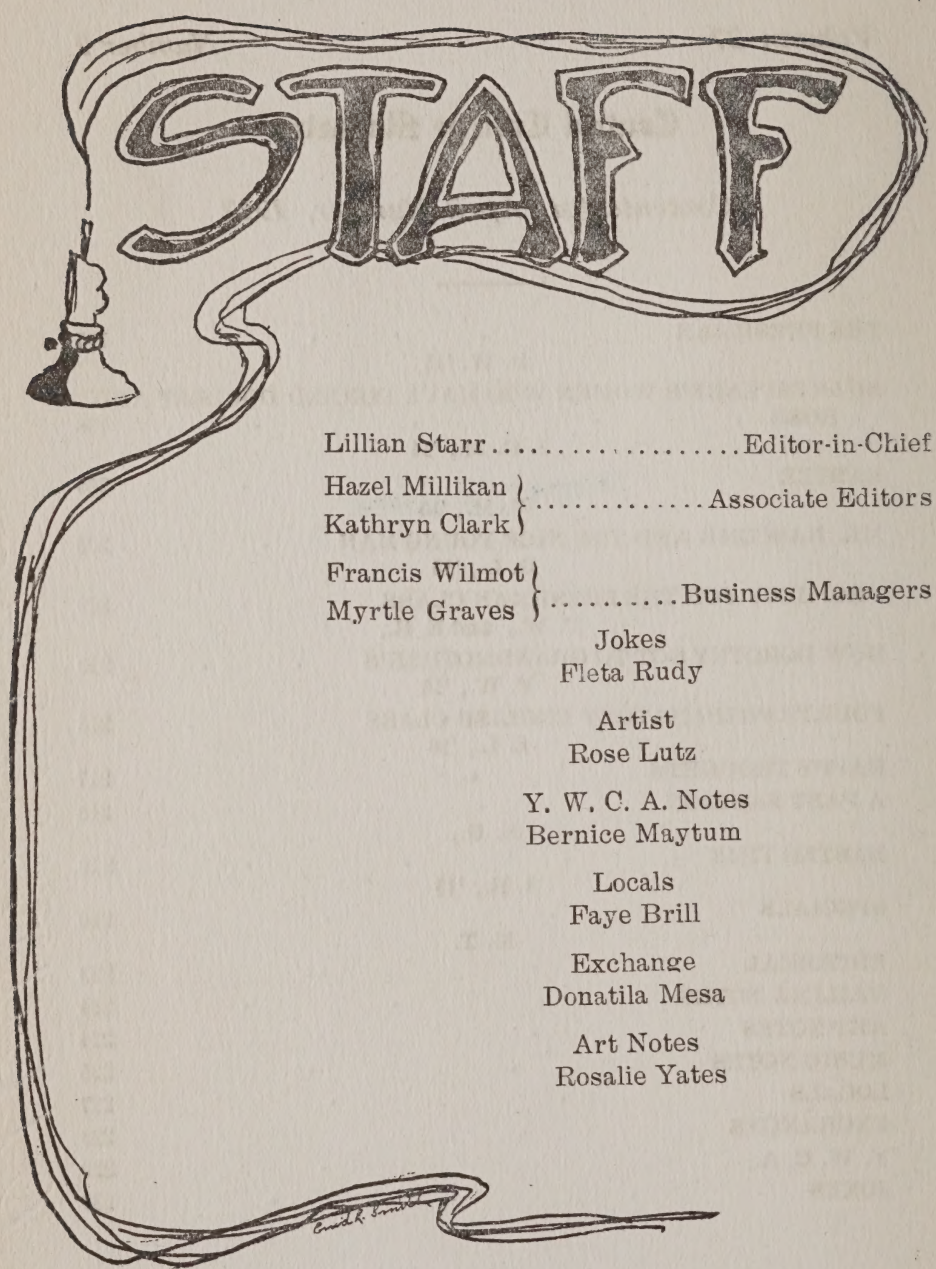
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Central College Magazine

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THE FRESHMEN

Central College Magazine

MOTTO: A Greater Central College for Women

VOLUME 27.

APRIL, 1912.

NUMBER 7.

THE FRESHMEN.

You Seniors dignified and tall,
You Sophomores who know it all,
E'en you the Juniors kind,
You who in us do virtue find,
Must list to us the Freshmen gay
As gladly now we chant our lay.

Although today we dance and sing
Not always will our voices ring
In songs of mirth, of joy, and fun.
A more stately course we'll run,
For Seniors we in three years more
When trained we'll be in College lore.

'Twill be a struggle great and long,
But who as we so brave and strong;
And when we reach the highest place,
There'll be no one our steps to trace;
For now to high ideals we'll hold,
Which day by day our lives will mould.

—P. W., '15.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN WHO HAVE DONNED DOUB- LET AND HOSE.

A most interesting study is that of Shakespeare's women in male attire. In Shakespeare's time young boys played the part of women, as it was the custom in those days that no woman should appear on the stage. Shakespeare's greatest heroines are Viola, Rosalind, Imogen, Portia, Nerissa, and Jessica. They put on their doublets and hose, and played their assumed roles with great perfection.

Viola, one of Shakespeare's best characters, was at perfect ease in her manly garb. When out at sea with her brother, the ship was wrecked, and she and her brother were separated. Viola was rescued from the violent storm by the captain and a few of the soldiers. But, instead of rejoicing at her deliverance, she began to weep and lament over her twin brother's loss. The captain tried to console her, but she only thought more of her brother and the strange land she was left upon so far from home. Viola had heard of Olivia, who had recently lost her only brother, and she wanted to go and live with her, so that they might mourn together. She did not know Olivia personally, who, since her brother's death, would not admit anyone in her home. Viola thought she might go and serve the Duke who was in love with Olivia, and in this way they might get acquainted. Before putting on her disguise, she uttered these words:

"I pr'y thee, conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent."

Viola disguised herself in man's attire, and went to the court of Duke Orsino. The Duke was very much pleased with her, and soon she was made one of his pages. It was not long until she had won the place of his most favored attendant, being in his deepest confidence.

"Thou know'st no less than all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul."

It was only a few days until Viola was sent with love messages to Olivia.

"I'll do my best
To woo your lady. Yet, O, barful strife!
Whoe'er I was, myself would be his wife."

Although she loved Orsino dearly, she was willing to help him woo the one whom he loved. She tried to gain Olivia's love for Duke Orsino, but in this attempt she failed. With this calamity, as well as the death of her brother, she was overcome with grief.

"My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am a woman—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie."

Viola won the love and confidence of her master by fidelity. She was honest and faithful to every request that was made by him. Although it was beneath her rank to be commanded, she is the personification of graceful obedience. She wore her doublet and hose with much ease, and, by her affable ways, made many friends. She had a pure character, and all of her motives were honest and upright. Although at many times it was hard for her to do the right thing, she always stood for the right.

Another of Shakespeare's characters that stands by the side of Viola, is Rosalind. She is one of his most lovable heroines. "She is wit and womanliness in equal proportion. In her Shakespeare has brought wit and womanliness so close together, that love stimulates wit, and wit lends itself to love."

In the beginning of the play it is hard to tell which is the heroine, for Rosalind is held on the same level with Celia

until they come successfully into the forest. It was here that love stimulated wit, and her character was brought more and more on a higher plane. Inasmuch as her love for Orlando deepened, her character showed itself stronger. Her main charms lie in her wittiness, womanliness, and beauty.

When Celia and Rosalind were alone, they were full of their fun. Often they would sit in the Duke's palace and talk in their foolish, girlish ways:

"From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love!"

Rosalind was very thoughtful after the Duke had commanded her to leave the court. She knew it would never do for her and Celia to go to the forest alone, dressed in their expensive court dresses:

"Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold."

Thus Celia and Rosalind decided to dress as a countryman and country lass, and as Rosalind was the taller, she was to put on man's attire, and Celia the country girl's habit. In speaking of her dress, Rosalind said:

"A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand, and in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will."

At times it was very trying for Rosalind to endure the hardships and burdens of a man's garb, especially when she had to comfort her weary cousin on their long and tiresome journey:

"I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoats."

The forest but enhances the loveliness of the two court beauties. When Rosalind found her lover, her whole life

was changed from her girlish ways to the maturity of womanhood. The fame of Rosalind's character is due to her many charms, her affable ways, her growing vivacity, and her gentle loveliness.

Two of Shakespeare's minor heroines are Jessica, the Jewess, and Nerissa, the maid of Portia. Nerissa plays no important part in the action of the play, but helps to bring out the grand and noble character of Portia. While only an attendant, she was a very close and dear friend to Portia. She was good natured, and always ready to help in every plan suggested by the subtle brain of her mistress. She was always ready with a restful answer for Portia when she was weary and careworn:

"It is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer."

Her faithfulness to Portia, at all times, was one of her strongest traits of character.

Jessica alone played no important part in the play, but with her lover, Lorenzo, influenced the main story. The best description we have of Jessica is found in Lorenzo's speech:

"Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge her,
And fair she is, if mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she has proved herself."

If circumstances favor her, we find that she is "wise," "fair," and "true," but at other times we do not find her so.

Jessica had been reared to be very wasteful, and she threw her money about, at one time going so far as to buy a pet monkey. She had no idea of the worth of money. Her mother had died and left her to live with her father. As she grew up, she became more and more disgusted with the Jewish religion, until finally she left her father, and went

with the Christians. She leaves the impression of a gentle, but spoiled girl, not old enough to be wise in judgment.

The most brilliant and educated character that Shakespeare has portrayed is Portia. The fame of her person and character was won through her brilliant wit, high spirit, "beauty like the sun," and the highest sense of honor. In many respects, she is unlike the majority of Shakespeare's women. It is difficult to analyze Portia. I can best express my feelings towards her by the assurance I have that at all times and in all places she would do what was noble. I can only show the full greatness of her qualities in some of the times when prompt and courageous action was needed.

She was loyal to her father's will, and to the oath she had taken to fulfil it:

"I can teach you how to choose right, but I am then foresworn."

At times her loyalty was against her own feeling, and it was very hard to overcome the temptation, especially when the suitor whom she loved, came. Portia's sense of honor is so blended with her trained intellect that her character has been made famous. The union of these qualities with humor made her clear-sighted at the moment of a crisis. On the eve of the wedding, when Bassanio received the dreadful letter from Antonio, Portia was ready with her plan:

"First go with me to the church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you be by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul."

Portia's words during the argument of the bond are the most remarkable of the kind in literature. Rapidly and brilliantly did she arise to the occasion. She spoke with the authority of the whole court. Her clearness of thought was brought out sometimes in her wit, and sometimes in her

courage, and penetrating insight. Her directness in thought and action is far better than that of Shakespeare's women. She could preach and argue forcibly, and one of her most noted speeches is:

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be my plea, consider this,
That in the cause of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

Nowhere in Shakespeare's plays can a character be found with as many womanly virtues. To my mind, she is placed on a higher plane than any of the other heroines. She has a larger share of charms and powers.

Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, also falls in with the most perfect heroines. It has been said that, "The woman of all Shakespeare's women is Imogen. In her we find half glorified already the immortal godhead of womanhood." Imogen vies with Portia in beauty and intellect. Although she of a more "tender" and "nurse-like" character, she is not strong enough to argue a case in law, and make such noteworthy speeches as did Portia. She was educated, and her intellect leads her to say and do the right thing at all times. She has a keen insight to character, and has power to win a man's heart, whether in male attire or in court dress. But as to having as strong a character as Portia, I think Shakespeare has

failed to give her the brilliant wit and high spirit that has been found in Portia. Some critics contend, however, that Shakespeare, in drawing her, has painted his masterpiece. I think Shakespeare's intention was to make her an ideal of womanly grace, beauty, and intellect. Possibly she had more womanly grace than Portia, yet she never gave evidence of that broad education found in Portia, who had been educated with great care, and could speak Latin and French as well as Italian. She understood law like a lawyer, as she had been taught to manage the affairs of her own great estate. Imogen had a good education, and could speak whenever she was called upon, but she cared nothing for court life and its affairs. She, perhaps, had more personal beauty than Portia, for in her boy's attire, she had a "fairy" and "angel" look, while Portia was a lawyer with a stern look, and full of daring plans that she had devised.

Taking Portia and Imogen together, I think Shakespeare has created two of the most admirable and lovable heroines in all literature. They stand far above all the rest of his creations with their intellect, brilliant wit, and womanly grace.

—I. G. M., '14.

EASTER.

Easter morn dawns bright and clear,
Robins sing their tuneful lays,
Dewy flowers have naught to fear
As they greet the sun's bright rays.
Bells toll out the Easter story,
Calling people to the church
Where they flock in fashion's glory
To partake of joy on earth.
As he views his congregation,
Sighs this saintly man of God,
"Can I make an explanation
To this motley crowd?"
Hats piled high with grass and flowers,
Ribbons, too, help fill the space,
Hats with only plumes and feathers,
Stare the preacher in the face.
—W. M., '15.

MR. BASCOMB AND THE NICE YOUNG MAN.**(a la Dickens)**

A gloomy day—gloomy without and gloomy within. A young man, with an exceedingly gloomy expression on his face, stared unseeingly out of the car window. Said young man was thinking. And the rainy, gloomy out-of-doors corresponded well with the gloomy tenor of his thoughts. This is the way he sized up the situation: Name, J. Edmund Smythe; occupation, book agent; destination, wasn't quite sure where; stock on hand, three books (and they had been on hand for almost three weeks); capital, nearly seventy-five cents. Should he try another town, or should he jump out of the car window? Well, it wouldn't hurt to try again.

Anyhow, the book agent was too energetic a young man to really give up.

As the train slows up at Durant he suits the decision to the action, and got off. He was not only energetic, he was sharp, and not only sharp, but sly; so as he walked up the street he looked around for a victim. Soon he saw in the old man who was arranging fruit and vegetables in front of a grocery store, the very person he was looking for. The old fellow was short and stout, with broad, rounded shoulders. His bright, eager, inquiring gray eyes, under shaggy brows, and his lined and furrowed face, combined with his queer clothing, made him altogether a very odd looking old man. As the agent approached he read the name Bascomb on the window of the store. He removed his hat, bowed, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Bascomb."

Mr. Bascomb looked up from his work an instant, and then said, "Morning, sir! Morning! Morning! What's for you, sir?"

Young man is a book agent (so he explains) and wishes to show Mr. Bascomb a wonderful new book he is selling. "Very well," and Mr. Bascomb nods understandingly. Would Mr. Bascomb be so kind as to spare him a few minutes of his valuable time? He would; and thereupon wiped his hands on his white apron, and putting on his spectacles, looks over them at the brightly bound book the young man holds out to him. And by the many colored pictures which the young man shows him he is visibly impressed. But then (in appeal to the nice young man) his wife, Sally, must see it. He always consults Sally. Oh, that's all right, said the young man. That is easily fixed. He would take it up and show it to her. Good, said the old fellow. If the young man only would. Delighted, he was sure, said the book agent, to be of service to Mr. and Mrs. Bascomb. Then, after having been directed to the

Bascomb home, the sly young man bowed low, and wished Mr. Bascomb good morning.

As he left the store his eyes twinkled merrily. He had a plan, and he was sure it would work. It did. Mrs. Bascomb, a comfortable old soul, was also much impressed by the bright binding and pictures of the book, and having been informed that her Jim liked it, bought it without more ado. And, after an elaborate bow, the agent went away clinking two dollars and a half of Mr. Bascomb's hard earned money in his pocket.

The expression on his face as he made his way back to the store was very different from the one it had worn as he sat staring out of the car window into the rain. He arrives at the store and is greeted with, "Well, you're back. And how does the old lady like it?"

"She likes it so much, sir, that she wishes you to buy one."

"All right; all right. How much? Here's your money. Morning, sir."

And the nice young man left the little grocer staring curiously over his glasses at the book. As the book agent walked away he decided that the best thing to do would be to start right back to New York, because, you know, even gentle, childish old fellows like Mr. Bascomb were liable to have temper enough to raise trouble if they found that they had been worked.

Just about the time the nice young man was thinking the above recorded thoughts his late victim was finding out that he had been worked. Sally comes down to see her Jim, overjoyed that he had sent that nice young man, with the lovely book, to see her. But complications arise when her dear Jim pulls his book out of the desk, and, handing it to

her, says, "All right, old lady, all right. Give us a kiss, and don't bother us any more now."

Sally sees something is wrong, so she says, "But I bought one myself. That lovely young man didn't say you had bought one."

She's very perplexed. Surely that nice young man didn't; but no, of course not. Mr. Bascomb's face suddenly gets very red. He understands it all now. That nice young man (to use Mr. B.'s words, "that sharp young scoundrel") has outwitted them. Well, after all, it is rather funny, so he explains to Sally, and after they have had a good laugh over it he sends for his clerk.

"Young man just left here," says Mr. Bascomb, "headed for the depot. Bring him back. Important business."

Meanwhile the book agent paced the platform with a pleased expression on his face. His plan had worked. The next train to New York was due in ten minutes. He would go back there and get another job; he was tired of selling books. Hello, what's wrong now? Old Bascomb's clerk. Seems to be looking for someone. Just then the clerk sees his man, and, rushing up, gives his message breathlessly, "Mr. Bascomb—wants you—says it's very—important." The book agent inquires the cause of the urgent summons leisurely, contemplating the while the end of his cigar. Clerk doesn't know, only it's something about a book. Oh, yes! The sharp young fellow sees a chance to get rid of his other book, and persuades the clerk that that was what was wanted, and calmly pockets the clerk's two and a half dollars.

The funny side of the last transaction failed to appeal to Mr. Bascomb when his clerk appeared with another book. In his rage the old man threw all three perfectly innocent books on the pavement and kicked them around. Then suddenly he grabbed one of the books up, and yelling to Sally

and the clerk each to get one, he started down the street on a run. But, alas, they reached the station just in time to see the train pull out. The nice young man stood on the platform of the last car, bowing and smiling, while Mr. Bascomb tore his hair in grief.

G. L., '15.

PROPHECY FOR THE FRESHMEN CLASS.

When the big red sun is sinking, and twilight's descending
fast

My mind oft wanders into memories of the past.

'Tis then that I think of school days, and wonder why my
name,

Alone of all my classmates, is not acquiring fame.

Some eleven years have flitted since that eventful year

When the Class of 1915 entered its career.

Of all earth's great scholars, commanded or inspired,

Some elocution, truly, will always be required;

And Ethel Robertson holds her undisputed sway

O'er this important subject in the greatest way.

As Pauline Wilson, with very rapid speech was blest,

She for our Freshman President was fitted best.

In wisdom, grace and beauty suitably arrayed,

She was the belle of every ball and masquerade.

We all thought Rachel Plummer would win immortal fame

When she, after years of study, a great musician became;

But when she finished Central a pair of eyes so blue

Awaited her, and now they live in a cottage built for two.

And quiet Io Hinesley would ever have kept still.

She never has been known to tell of her own skill,

Till in a well known magazine, among the rest,

We learned that Io's stories were the very best.

In her days at Central, Wonda Malarkey, with well deserv'd
pride,

With abundant knowledge of history was always well supplied.

And now her English History secure and famous stands,
The standard college text book throughout all the lands.
My reverie is completed; the sun has quite vanished away,
But 'twill shine again next dawning, and then may its brightest ray

In a golden glow of beauty, reflected in splendor, descend
To lie on the hearts of my schoolmates, and in their lives
brightly to blend,

So that never a care or a sorrow shall show when their life
unfurls,

And may they have pleasant memories of when we were college girls.

E. R. and P. W., '15.

HOW DOROTHY GOT TO GRANDMOTHER'S.

"I do wish I could send her to you for a visit," wrote mother to grandmother. "If it were possible, John and I would bring her, but he is so busy, and I don't like to leave him alone. If we were only nearer, I would try to send her by somebody, but six hundred miles is a long way. And yet I do wish you could see her."

Mrs. Cunningham raised her eyes from her letter to look out of the window at Baby Dorothy playing in the yard. Dorothy was just three; and it was no wonder her grandmother wanted to see her, for she was considered about the very sweetest little girl in the whole town, with her rosy face, brown eyes and curly yellow hair.

One day, not long after Mrs. Cunningham had written this letter, she was surprised by a visit from two friends

with whom she had gone to school—May Kendall and Nellie Moore. As they were both from Mrs. Cunningham's home town, the time was delightfully spent in talking of the home news. It was not long before Dorothy made her appearance. She kissed both of the ladies when asked, and said all the speeches she knew.

"I wish you would go home with me, Dorothy," said Mrs. Kendall, taking the child on her lap. "Will you go on the choo-choo train with me?"

"Mother, too?" asked loyal Dorothy.

"Yes, mother, too."

"Why, let her go with us," exclaimed both of the ladies at once. "We are going back tomorrow, and will pass your mother's very door. We could put Dorothy right into her very arms. Do let us."

"I am afraid she would be a trouble," objected mother.

"No, me dood dirl," said Dorothy.

"There, now, she promises to be good. Let her go, Mary."

"Well, we will talk it over tonight."

"We leave early tomorrow morning. Just bring her to the train and we will take charge of her," said Mrs. Kendall, as they rose to go.

Mrs. Cunningham thought it over after they left, and decided that she would let her go, after all. But at dinner time John came home very ill. She called the doctor, who shook his head and talked of typhoid. "Likely to be a long case. He ought to have given up long ago," he said.

Mrs. Cunningham's mind was made up at once. "A long case" meant that she must devote herself to nursing, and it would be better for Dorothy to be away. Her suitcase was carefully packed that night, but the next morning no servant appeared, and there was no one to take her to the train. It seemed that Dorothy certainly would have

to stay at home, after all. But just then Mr. Reynolds, their next door neighbor, came in on his way down to business to inquire after Mr. Cunningham, and on learning that he had had a good night and was doing very well, and seeing Mrs. Cunningham's worried look, asked if there was anything he could do.

Mrs. Cunningham explained. "Why, that's all right," he said cheerfully. "I'll take her to the train myself for you. Just put on her hat, and we'll start right away." Mr. Reynolds had little girls of his own, and she thought he could be trusted with her baby. So she wrapped her up, and kissed her goodbye many times.

The goodbyes and kisses had taken time, and Mr. Reynolds picked up Dorothy and the suit case and ran to get to the train in time. The whistle blew, and Mr. Reynolds, seeing a lady looking eagerly from the window, took it for granted that she was looking for Dorothy. He thrust her hurriedly inside of the car, handed the suit case to a porter, and swung himself off as the train was actually in motion.

Reaching his office, he phoned Mrs. Cunningham to tell her Dorothy had been put safely aboard.

"Thank you, so much," mother called back, wondering if the house would seem so empty all the time Dorothy was away. But she had no time to be lonely, and it was not until two hours later that, leaving John quietly sleeping, she sat down to rest a little, and wonder how far the baby was on her journey, and how she was enjoying it.

A boy came leisurely down the street and turned in at the gate. She met him at the door for fear the knock would disturb her husband. The boy drew a note from his pocket, saying: "The lady give it to me last night, but I done forgot it, so I just brung it up this morning. Ain't no answer." He departed whistling, and Mrs. Cunningham

tore open the note and read it, then sat down, looking very white and weak, for this is what it said:

"Dear Mary:—

A letter just received has changed our plans a little, and we will not leave until next week. I send you this so that you need not hurry to get the baby ready for the morning train, in case you have decided to let her go with us.

Lovingly,

MAY."

Mrs. Cunningham sat for several minutes, trying to realize what had happened. The note should have reached her last night, and now it was two hours after train time. Dorothy was two hours on her way, alone. She wrung her hands as the full force of it dawned on her. Her baby, her little three-year-old Dorothy, traveling away all alone, without even a ticket to tell where she was going. What would become of her?

Finally she tried to collect her thoughts and decide what could be done. John must not know, of course. The excitement would be too great. What could she do alone? She dared not telephone, or even leave him to go next door and use the phone there. She was nearly desperate, when she heard the sound of wheels, and, flying out, she met the doctor at the gate. Her nervousness excited him greatly, but when she had explained all, his face cleared, and he said kindly, "There, don't be frightened. Most careless of Reynolds not to make sure, but it will be all right. I'll telegraph your mother to be on the lookout for her. Somebody will take care of her on the train. Just keep up your courage, and don't worry."

And in the mean while, how was it faring with Dorothy? When Mr. Reynolds pushed her inside of the door, with a hasty "goodby," she toddled down the aisle looking for the "pretty lady." Then, not finding her, and suddenly realizing

that she was in the midst of a crowd of strangers, many of whom were looking at her with interest and curiosity, her courage began to fail, and the corners of her mouth to curve downward piteously. But just then a lady, who had been reading a book, looked up and caught sight of the troubled little face, and the tears in her big brown eyes.

"What is the matter, little girl? Are you lost? Where is your mother?" she asked, holding out her hand kindly,

And Dorothy answered in her sweet little voice, "Me goin' see drama on the choo-choo."

"Yes, dear, but where is your mother?"

"Moder—home—me go wit pitty lady," answered Dorothy.

"Is your pretty lady here, baby? Show her to me." Dorothy gave a searching look around the car.

"No, her not here," she said.

However, the new friend lifted her into the seat beside her, and let her look out of the window. Presently a gentleman came in from the smoking car, and joined them. He looked surprised to see Dorothy.

"Why, where did you get the Cunningham baby?" he asked.

"Are they on the train? I don't know, but the child seems to be deserted or lost," answered his wife. "The Cunninghams' baby, did you say?"

"Yes, you remember John Cunningham, my college chum? I saw this child when I was in John's town last fall." "Here, Kid," turning Dorothy around, "you remember me, don't you?"

So Dorothy's troubles were over. The wires were put in motion, and messages flashed back and forth until the mother was assured that Mr. and Mrs. Smith had taken Dorothy in their charge. The train sped on, and Dorothy was very happy all day. It was no wonder, for everybody

was perfectly lovely to her. The lady who sat in front of her gave her "animal crackers." Another lady across the aisle gave her a stick of peppermint candy. A little girl back of her gave her a nice lot of paper dolls, and the boy who sold apples, oranges, and candy, gave her a little pistol filled with all kinds of colored candies which amused her very much.

Evening came on, but Dorothy never knew when she was undressed and laid in her berth. Early the next morning she was awakened, and was just dressed when the train stopped. Mr. Smith told her she was the best little traveler in the world, and in a few minutes Dorothy was in the arms of her grandmother.

P. W., '15.

FOURTH PREPARATORY ENGLISH CLASS.

(In the Style of Sir Roger de Coverley)

The class of which I am a member, is luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different courses of study, and deputed, as it were, from the most intelligent and exclusive girls of the student body. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and learn about various happenings that pass in different courses of study, when the plan of recitation diverges from the regular schedule, and is given for discussions among ourselves.

The thing that impresses me a great deal is the learning of memory gems. Each morning, in class, our teacher gives us a gem, and these are learned daily. In a sense, rivalry is carried on between the girls, and I remember, one day, we wished to test our memories, and see which girl could say the most gems. Methinks this is a good thing, for

then we try to remember them. Besides the pleasure derived from doing this, our memories and minds are strengthened, we learn to know the beautiful thoughts of our best writers, for character is shown in writing. Thus we receive ideas well worth thinking upon. In conversation the gems fit in and help to strengthen our point which we are probably trying to make.

The text-book used by this class is "Long's English Literature." The writers of the different periods are taken up and discussed. Generally each girl has her favorite writer and work. Among ourselves we discuss the different points of character, and development of work after literary standards, and by so doing we get a broader view of each writer in general, and learn to look for something we can like in each work, whether or not by a favorite writer.

By the bye, I forgot to mention the size of this English class, but methinks it sufficient to say 'tis the largest, both of preparatory and college classes, and from this you can readily imagine what interesting times we have.

E. L., '16.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Proudly o'erlooking the Missouri River,
The site where the Lexington battle was fought,
Stands in her glory our dear Alma Mater,
Sweet are mem'ries which her name has brought.

Happy the girls which her roof has sheltered,
Bright are the hours we have passed in the school.
Many the clouds, but with silvery linings,
Caused, oftentimes, by breaking a rule.

Frolics we had, and, may be, too many,
Feasts came galore, the last being best,
Midnight parades, and hilarious barnyards,
Caused us to lose the much needed rest.

But with the fun, we studied our lessons,
Mastered them, too, although it seemed hard.
And in the end we will be given a sheepskin;
Girls, won't that be a sufficient reward?

N. G. M., '14.

A PAST FASHION.

The door opened, and admitted a stiff, straight, old man, who in other days had received eager attention, but who had now become, as things do sooner or later, a past fashion. He advanced to the back of the store with great dignity, and with some difficulty. Rather an unwelcome visitor he was, for in these days, friends, visitors, even though they be the dear old man, are not welcomed in our stores, unless they come to buy or sell. This particular dear old man greatly bothered the clerk; bothered him with his stories; bothered him by sitting in the easiest chair; bothered him, most of all, by wiping off dust here and there with his huge pocket handkerchief, thus lightening the work of the office boy, whom the clerk hated intensely. Today the clerk had told the old man that the big manager was coming, that he was a most exacting man, having said that no one should stay in the store unless he came to buy or sell, and since he was coming tomorrow, or perhaps today—. But the old man had stopped him, and explained in a patient way that he understood. Then with great dignity he took his cane from the floor, carefully wiped its gold head with his handkerchief, and departed—a lonely, pathetic figure, to grace the bright morning.

H. G.

EASTER TIME.

At Easter time the bells ring out,
The hint of spring is all about;
The crocus slyly looks to see
Why robins sing so merrily.

A carpet green the earth o'erspreads,
And pussy willows nod their heads,
For Easter time is full of joy,
That thrills the heart of girl and boy.

The smell of earth is in the air,
And flowers are springing ev'rywhere
And just because they know it's spring,
The happy children laugh and sing.

At Easter time the bells ring out,
A message sweet they spread about;
"Dear people, be glad," they always say,
"For Christ arose on Easter day."

I. H., '15.

SPECIALS! SPECIALS!

We're best, of course, we know it too.
Without us, what would Central do?
She'd go bankrupt, and close her door
If we, the "Specials," came no more.

You know that we are first of all.
For twelve of us came from "B" Hall.
From fourth to first we are at home,
We own it all, from ground to dome.

And do you know we're forty strong?
And that we're right, and never wrong!
We "Specials" are the very best,
We won't be classed with all the rest.

Now would you like to know the names
Of all these sweet and fair young dames?
We'll give our roll-call here below
The "Specials dear" you all must know:

Nina Mason—"Bro. Mason."
Lillian Morley—"Who? What? Where?"
Grace Davies—"Will I catch cold?"
Alene Sewell—"Kids, have you heard the latest?"
Ruth Mason—"Have you seen Nina?"
Theresa McClure—"Leetle Bull Dog."
Madge Taylor—"Silly Matt."
Gertrude Ridings—"Mother's Darling."
Henrietta Gray—"Henny," "Chubby."
Laura Bragassa—"Five nights in Study Hall."

- Lola Rudy—"Conrad's Pet."
Marguerite Burton—"I'm goin', Mama."
Minnie Bragassa—"Min does love 'Picks.'"
Kathryn Murrell—"Because he's married now."
Ruby McClure—"Rubby."
Vivian Warner—"Hud," "Oh, say Kids."
Olive Brant—"I have something to tell you."
Louie Hale—"That peeves me."
Oneta Buckley—"No mail?"
Nadine Clark—"Hello Girl."
Jean Waldraven—"Nadine said so."
Pearl Wineland—"Francis' pet."
Elizabeth Spencer—"Everybody's doin' it now."
Warde Matthews—"I've go you, Steve."
Dolly Catron—"I'm going out to Cousin May's."
Agnes Grennell—"Thank you for being so quiet."
Alice Black—"Where's Agnes?"
Belle Lutz—"Does nothing? ? ? Always punished."
Hazel Marie Shaw—"Think it's going to rain?"
Gladys Leslie—"Future husband, a *Coal man*."
Nelleferne Spohr—"Fatty."
Gretchen Waldraven "Morning Serenaders."
Imogene Clayton
Sylvia Le Ray—"Girlies, has the bell rang?"
Helen Groves—"O, I forgot."
Rylie Wing—"Olipshaw, now."
Elizabeth Lewis
Frances Shelton
"Are we in a good humor today, or not?"
Una Chambers—"I'm falling off."
Myra Clevenger—"Whose diamond?"

M. T.

Central College Magazine

MOTTO: A Greater Central College

VOLUMN 27

APRIL, 1912

NUMBER 7

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CENTRAL COLLEGE for WOMEN

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EDITORIAL.

April! And surely it has brought spring along with it. Haven't we noticed the tiny little buds on the trees, the green grass, which has been so long covered with snow, and the hundred little trills that come from soft throats? Doesn't all this bring some message to you? Perhaps to the Seniors it brings more than just this. It is an illustrious month to them, for doesn't the 20th mean a climax to that thesis which has caused so much distress?

April Fool Day passed, and weren't we Goodness personified? What was the trouble? Are little wings sprouting, or did we all sleep too soundly, or, last of all, was a damper put on all our fun?

Easter, too, is coming, and won't we be all "fussed up" in our spring uniform? Let's do hope it will be a bright, warm day, or our new white "bunnets" and dresses may have to be left neatly folded away. It is true we will have no holiday, but we had more than our share at Christmas.

April also reminds us that there are only two more months of school life. Yes, no doubt you are glad in some respects, but isn't there a sad side to it, too? Work hard for the few weeks to follow, girls, and don't let that old enemy, spring fever, get you in his power, even for a *minute*. Work hard, and when all this labor is over, you will find that you have well earned your long promised vacation.

VAILIMA.

Nina Mason.....	President.
Alice Black.....	Vice-President.
Myra Clevenger.....	Secretary.
Elizabeth Lewis.....	Treasurer.
Rachel Plummer.....	Chaplain.
Agnes Grennell.....	Pianist.
Wonda Malarkey.....	Critic.
Elizabeth Spencer	Sergeants at Arms.
Gladys Leslie	

The foregoing officers of Vailima were elected at the first meeting in March, and immediately assumed their duties. One of the most interesting as well as exciting meetings of the year was that of March 16th. The cause of the interest was a spelling match, which resulted in a tie, Mildred Musser and Lillian Starr being the champion spellers.

The appearance of Vailima Hall has been greatly improved by the handsome brass chandelier which has recently been put in place. Vailima girls think nothing too good for their society.

ART NOTES.

A unique April Fool's party was given in the Studio on Monday afternoon. The room was artistically decorated in green and white. Attractive features suggestive of the day were much in evidence.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Conservatory of Music has presented four Seniors in recitals and given one pupils' recital since the last report of the department was made.

Marian Clark, of La Monte, Missouri, rendered the following program, February 6, 1912:

Sonata D major.....	<i>Beethoven</i>
Presto-Largo e mesto-Menuetto-Allegro.	
Preludium E minor.....	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Des Abends.....	<i>Schumann</i>
Impromptu F sharp.....	<i>Chopin</i>
Valse in A flat.....	<i>Chopin</i>
A la Capricieuse.....	<i>Schütt</i>
Repos d' Amour.....	<i>Henselt</i>
Staccato Caprice.....	<i>Vogrich</i>
Rigoletto-Paraphrase.....	<i>Liszt</i>

Jane Wettendorf of Boonville, Missouri, gave the program that follows, February 15, 1912:

Sonata op. 7.....	<i>Grieg</i>
Allegro moderato-Andante molto-Alla Menuetto-Molto Allegro.	

Prelude op. 28, No. 23.....	<i>Chopin</i>
Nocturne op. 37, No. 2.....	<i>Chopin</i>
Fantasie-Impromptu.	<i>Chopin</i>
Barcarolle.	<i>Phillip</i>
A Flower of Spring.....	<i>Haberbier</i>
To a Water Lily.....	<i>Macdowell</i>
Hungarian.	<i>Macdowell</i>
The Juggleress.....	<i>Moszkowski</i>
Gondoliera.	<i>Liszt</i>
Allegro-Appassionato.	<i>Saint-Saëns</i>

Minnie Rothrock of Sweet Springs, Missouri, on the evening of February 26, 1912, gave the following program:

Sonata, F major.....*Beethoven*
 Allegro-Allegretto-Presto.

Gavotte Moderne.....*Rogers*

Berceuse.*Iljinsky*

La Naiade.....*Thomè*

Albumblatt.*Grützmacher*

An den Frühling.....*Grieg*

Concerto, B flat (first movement).....*Mozart*

Orchestral accompaniment played on a second piano.

The next was a song recital by Lucille Reagan, Mezzo
 Soprano. The program was:

ORATORIO:

O rest in the Lord (Elijah).....*Mendelssohn*

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion (Messiah).

.....*Händel*

GERMAN SONGS:

Restless Love.....*Schubert*

Sapphic Ode.....*Brahms*

No One Saw at All.....*Löwe*

FOLK SONGS:

All Through the Night.....*Old Welsh*

Loch Lomond.....*Scotch*

Look, Pretty Maiden.....*Russian*

ITALIAN OPERA:

Ah Rendimi (Mitrane).....*Rossi*

FRENCH OPERA:

Habenera (Carmen).....*Bizet*

ENGLISH SONGS:

The Rose in The Garden.....*Neidlinger*

Thy Beaming Eyes.....*Macdowell*

A Maid Sings Light.....*Macdowell*

Boat Song.....*Ware*

The Butterfly.....*Salter*

I Know not why.....*Hawley*

In Summer.....*Huhn*

These artistic recitals were eminently successful, and reflected great credit upon the teachers and their respective pupils.

LOCALS.

Miss Stone enjoyed a short visit from her father last week.

Mrs. A. W. Allen chaperoned the following girls to Kansas City to hear Schumann-Heink, and to see Sothern and Marlowe, March 27th: Theresa McClure, Myrtle Graves, Jane Wettendorf, Rubye McClure, Gladys Leslie, Bernice Maytum and Faye Brill.

Olive Brant was called home on March 10th on account of the illness of her father.

Minnie and Laura Bragassa met their father in Kansas City, Sunday, March 31st.

Helen Groves, Nelleferne Spohr, Minnie Rothrock, Rylie Wing, Kathryn Clark, Gertrude Ridings, Nadine Clark, Imogene Clayton, Una Chambers, Myrtle Graves, Alene Sewell, Mattie Withers and Ruth Field have enjoyed short visits home this month.

Dollie Alice Catron was hostess at a house party at her home in Kansas City, March 22-26. The guests were Rylie Wing, Helen Groves, Isabel Rader, Icie Macy, Josephine Shelton, Kathryn Murrell, Belle Lutz, Vivian Warner and Hazel Millikan.

The following parents have visited at Central this month: Mrs. P. P. Lewis, Crescent, Missouri; Dr. C. W. Reagan, Macon, Missouri; Messrs. W. T. Hale and H. F. Millikan, Dodge City, Kansas.

Mrs. J. H. Morrison of Independence, Missouri, was the

guest of Eta Upsilon Gamma Sorority, Thursday, March 14th.

Misses Stapleton, Rowell, Jackson, Rubye Smith, Myra Clevenger and Josephine Smith saw Sothern and Marlowe in "Taming of the Shrew" in Kansas City, March 25th.

Miss Addie Givens Wynne was at her home in Gallatin, Missouri, March 23-26.

Mrs. H. B. Watts of Fayette, Missouri, surprised her daughter, Miss Evelyn Watts, with a visit March 16-20.

Our out-of-town callers this month were: Messrs. Edwin Ellis and O. K. Wing of Kansas City, Ben Johnson of Shreveport, Louisiana, R. D. Hogan and C. A. Hughes of Springfield, Missouri.

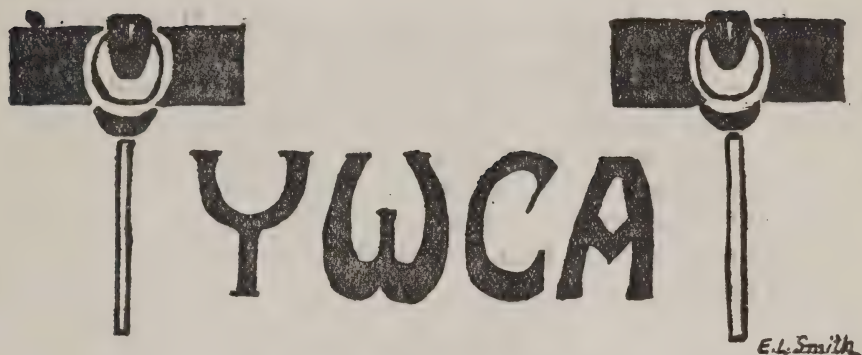
Loretta Love returned to Central for a short visit with friends this month. She was accompanied to her home by Floy Russell and Henrietta Gray.

Central's guests this month were: Misses Mary Edmonds, Mary Jagars and Mrs. C. W. Abercrombie of Kansas City; Juliet Pettijohn of Topeka, Kansas; Opal King of Hardin, Missouri, Jessie McCue of Gallatin, Missouri, and Emelyn Ahlfeldt of Stuttgart, Arkansas.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges this month are: *The Gallowegian*, *The Blue* and *The Bronze*, *The Exponent*, *Drury Mirror*, *The Campus*, *The Chisel*, *William Woods College Record*, *High School Herald*, *W. M. A. Trumpeter*, and *Students' Herald*.

The Junior-Freshman number of *The Gallowegian* is exceptionally good. We had the honor to be chosen one of the five judges to decide whether the February or March number is the better issue. But as we have failed to receive the February number we are not able to pass judgment.



He that does not fill a place at home, cannot abroad. He only goes there to hide his insignificance in a larger crowd. . . . And let him go where he will, he can find only so much beauty of worth as he carries.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson, Culture.*

Our regular devotional exercises are growing more helpful each week. The service of "Consecration," led by Frances Ritter, was uplifting to all present. It was doubly helpful because so many took part. Let's not allow the services to become stiff. Think of the meeting beforehand, and bring some little message with you to give to the others, on the subject if possible; if not, anything that is helpful. Two other services, one led by Dollie Catron, subject, "Heaven," and one by Mattie Withers on "Denying the Christ," were exceptionally good.

The last meeting in February was given to the reports from the delegates to the convention at Mexico. Notes and echoes from there are still in our midst, and have been an inspiration to all, as well as the delegates. We can hear Mrs. Spencer in her address, "To Obey is Better," saying our prayer must not be "O God, use us," but "God, make us usable," and Miss Melcher, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, on "Our Responsibility to the World,"

emphasizing not responsibility, but privilege. It is our responsibility, or privilege, because now is the decisive hour in the mission fields, because the only way the world is to be saved is through us. If we fail Christ, who will do the work? God has no other plan except to work through man. It all goes back to this question: "How much do we love Christ?" Our service to the world will be directly proportional to our love for Him. Think this over and over: "How much do I love Christ?"

Pre-1923

5/30/12

MONTE NE.

(Tune of Dixie.)

The echoes of that joyful meeting,
Sense and nonsense both repeating,
Will be heard far away, far away,
Through the land.

The speakers with their thoughts so stirring,
Feasts three times a day recurring,
Make our heads, and our hearts, and our lives
All expand.

We'll sleep in little Noah's Arks,
There on the ground by mountains crowned,
Amid the oak-clad Ozarks.
Away! Away! to charming Monte Né!
Away! Away! to charming Monte Né!

Monte Né! Beautiful name, beautiful place, and a glorious occasion—June 14-24. The place where our next Summer Conference will be held. Ten days of good wholesome fun, meeting girls from colleges all over the South Central territory, inspiration of wonderful speakers, and communion with God and nature!

Central must be represented by a big, banner crowd. Ten days to be remembered all one's lifetime. Plan your vacation to include Monte Né. Think of Monte Né, talk Monte Né, and *go* to Monte Né.



Beginning Harmony Class.

The Harmony Class, which meets after school,
 Are very bright girls, who obey every rule.
 One evening at four, these poor frightened girls
 Went down to the studio, their brains in a whirl.
 They entered the room, saluted the teacher,
 With unprepared lessons, each poor little creature.
 "All here?" said the teacher, as he stroked his chin,
 "So come, Marguerite, now let us begin."
 "I can't play today," Marguerite replies,
 Dejected she looked, as she heaved great sighs.
 "Now, Fleta Rudy, you play for me."
 "No, Mr. Conrad, you'll have to 'scuse me."
 "Next, Gladys Leslie, you play, please,
 These transpositions, in all the keys."
 "Now, Miss Minnie, you come and play,
 Just four keys will do for today."
 "Lillian, come on, get busy and play."
 "I can't, I didn't know we had them today."
 "Well, Henrietta, show what you can do."

And with many mistakes, she finally got through.
The lesson is over, the teacher's most wild.
"You *must* have this next time," and yet he smiled.
H. G. and N. G. M., '15.

SECOND YEAR HARMONY.

(Lovingly dedicated to Mr. Conrad.)

Harmony is the stuff
In which no one can bluff.
It's hard as Greek or French
And deep as Panama trench.

The "Second Year," you know,
Makes music high and low.
Plays modulations, too,
And transpositions few.

M. T.

TALE OF A "TAYLOR."

One day Miss "Kimbrell" went "Riding" with a "Taylor" down through the "Olive" "Grove." They saw a "Black" "Cat-run" across their path, which was a "Warner" of bad luck. The clouds were "Gray" and "Rud(d)y"; "Hale," "Starrs" and "Rothrocks" fell into the "Fields" near by. The horses began to "Buck(ley)," and Miss Kimbrell fell into a "Milli-kan" and was rescued by a "Mason," "Robertson."

Poor "Taylor" "Wither(ed)." If "Mason" should do no "Les(lie)" than "Wynne" her, the "Plummer" might as well dig his "Grave(s)." Of course they had a "Row(ell)," but

as "Stone(s)" were the only weapons, it ended by "Osborn," "Jackson" appearing and "Given" the lady back to "Taylor."

At once the trouble "Fleeta(d)" by as if on "Wings" of the "Wynne." Then "Taylor," who was "Sharp," took his "Love" away from the "Wineland," where the trees "Russel(ed)," and the air was "Icie," to the city "Warde," where "Belle(s)" were ringing and "Rose(s)" were blooming.

M. T. and T. M.

ARE WE ICEBERGS?

The boys at Wentworth, as a rule,
Call this dear place the "Iceberg School."
They wonder why we act so queer
And are so haughty over here.

But why do we resemble ice,
When we think they are very nice?
We don't chase after them, we know,
And, maybe, that's what hurts them so.

Say what they may, it's just as well,
For we the truth to them must tell.
"Our letters come most every day
From lovers who are far away."

M. T.

LEAP YEAR NOTES.

A Leap Year Letter.

My Dear and Most Respected Sir:
I send you this your love to stir.
'Tis you I've chosen first of all
On whom to make a leap year call.
I've given you the foremost chance,
A house for you I will enhance.
Your heart and hand I ask, not in jest,
I hope you'll grant my fond request
And send me back, without delay,
Your answer, "Yes" or "Nay."
But if your hand does not incline
In wedlock's clasp to join in mine,
Then you must Leap Year law obey,
And down to me five dollars pay,
Besides, kind sir, a handsome dress.
I ask not more, and take no less.
You may think this letter funny,
But I must have a man or money.
Now do send me your reply;
Let me be your wife until I die.
And if you think I am a dandy,
Send me a five-pound box of candy.
And if the writer's name you guess,
Send this back to my address.
If for me there is no hope,
Send me back five yards of rope.
With all sorts of love and kisses,
From her who craves to be

Your "Missus."

You see how Mattie Withers and Vivian Mitchener got

a five-pound box of candy. Also ask Icie Macy how to procure five yards of rope. No hope, no hope.

Answers received:

My dear and most beloved Miss:
I fondly now send you a kiss;
I freely give my heart and hand,
And hope I may ever be your man.
And though I am not much of a dandy,
I'll gladly send a box of candy.

I write to you in my distress
Because I cannot buy a dress.
Five pounds of candy would kill the queen,
And a five dollar bill I've never seen.
Oh, must I be a martyr to the cause?
I hate those things called "Mother-in-laws."
And the burden of such family cares
As washing dishes and sweeping the stairs.
And every time I come home late,
Pull off my shoes when I reach the gate,
For fear this "gentle" wife I'd awake,
And turn her true love into hate.
Thus far, with much cunning and art,
I have escaped Sir Cupid's dart.
So will you, as a friend and neighbor,
Use your influence to persuade her
To forget there is such as I,
And pass this leap year gently by?
No doubt before she sees the next,
She'll understand why I'm perplexed.
Unless to wed her I consent,
And live forever to repent,
Tell her I have plenty of rope,
But, then, eternity is no joke.

If these questions she'll rightly answer,
Tell her I am willing to chance her.
Will she love, cherish and OBEY,
And away from her gossiping neighbors stay?
Promise never to burn the bread,
And bring my breakfast up to bed,
Put out the cats, and wind the clocks,
Sew on buttons, and darn my socks,
Never ask where my money was spent,
But always cheerfully pay the rent?
And will she not grow tired of me,
And say she has an affinity?
And if she doesn't, I see no hope,
So you will find enclosed the rope.
Perhaps it might save some delay,
In helping the poor girl on her way.
"It is no use arguing with a woman."
So that's the reason I write to you,
For you always know what's best to do.
I'll certainly to pay you double,
For putting you to all this trouble.
Here's hoping you will get her switched.
From one who never would stand

"HITCHED."

Loma Kimbrell—"Isn't your father a 'Mason'?"

Nina—"Sure; isn't that his name?"

All the girls are rushing the "Honor Roll" to distraction.
Una (discussing Shakespearean plays)—"I would rather see 'Macbeth' than any of the plays."

Nelleferne—"I don't know which I would rather see, 'Macbeth' or 'Sothorn and Marlowe.'"

Theresa—"Girls, if a fellow smokes in your presence,

just tell him this: 'Sir, the affumigation arising from your tobacconistic reservoir so overshadows the organistic power of our ocular, and so abflustrates the atmospheric validity of our apparel, that our acquaintance must shortly be abloomed, unless through the abundant suavity of your abundant politeness you will disembode the stimulating and strenutatory ingredient that replenishes its concavity.' "

AN IDEAL CENTRAL GIRL.

Loma Kimbrell's eyes.
Elizabeth Lewis' hair.
Josephine Shelton's nose.
Minnie Bragassa's mouth.
Alene Sewell's complexion.
Mildred Musser's hands.
Marian Clark's arms.
Josephine Smith's elbows.
Rylie Wing's size.
Isabel Rader's clothes.

Mix well, and add a cup of common sense and an ounce of fun, then flavor with kindness, vivacity, and perpetual good humor.

WALTER B. WADDELL,
President.

SANDFORD SELLERS,
Vice-President.

F. LEE WALLACE
Asst. Cashier.

W. L. GROVES
Teller.

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extends to you the courtesies of its store devoted to wearing apparel and dress accessories complete for men, for women, for children and to the outfitting of the home—in every case presenting merchandise of the highest order of merit characteristic of this store.

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Store

We very much desire to have young ladies of Central College feel at home in our store, also, to feel that we shall make every effort to supply their wants with dependable merchandise at the very lowest prices.

The following lines embrace the very latest style ideas, Millinery, Ready-to-Wear garments, Foot Wear, Gloves, Corsets and notions of all kinds.

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**Second Floor Altman Bldg.
Opposite Elevator.**

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STUDENTS

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LEXINGTON, MISSOURI**

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The Composition, lighting and posing of each Picture is given the individual attention necessary to make it a study of your most attractive personality.

**Thats Why Our Por-
traits Please**



The ultimate decision will in all probability be something in Jewelery. Our designs are beautiful and exclusive, our prices as low as is consistent with qualities of the highest grades

Watches and Jewelery will play pranks now and then—seemingly for no cause whatever. Bring them in and have them repaired with a guarantee.

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